thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is Diſcretion; in the which better part I have ſaved my life. Zounds, I am afeard of this gunpowder *Percy*, though he be dead: how if he ſhould counterfeit too, and riſe? by my faith I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit: therefore i'le make him ſure; yea and i'le ſweare I ſlew him. Why may not he riſe aſwell as I? nothing confutes me but eyes, and no body ſees me: therefore ſirra, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

He takes up Hotſpur on his backe. Enter Prince and Iohn of Lancaſter.

Prin. Come, brother *Iohn*, full bravely haſt thou fleſht
Thy mayden Sword.

Iohn. But ſoft, who have we heere?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

Prin. I did, I ſaw him dead,
Breathleſſe, and bleeding on the ground. Art thou alive?
Or is it fantaſie that playes upon our eye-ſight?
I prethee ſpeake, we will not truſt our eyes
Without our eares, thou art not what thou ſeem'ſt.

Falſ. No, that's certaine, I am not a double man: but if I be not *Iacke Falſtaffe*, then am I a Jacke: there is *Percy*, if your Father will doe me any honour, ſo: if not, let him ſlay the next *Percy* himſelfe: I looke to be either Earle or Duke, I can aſſure you.

Prin. Why, *Percy* I ſlew my ſelfe, and ſaw thee dead.

Falſ. Didſt thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is given to lying! I graunt you, I was down, and out of breath, and ſo was he, but we roſe both at an inſtant, and fought a long houre by *Shrewsbury* clocke, if I may be beleeved, ſo: if not, let them that ſhould reward Valour, beare the ſinne upon their own heads, I'le take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh if the man were alive, and would deny it, Zounds I will make him eate a peece of my Sword.

Iohn. This is the ſtrangeſt tale that ever I heard.

Prince. This is the ſtrangeſt fellow, brother *Iohn*.
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your backe,

For